



## UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST.

**A** DAPPER little man, with a silken, yellow mustache which curled up jauntily at the ends came out and closed the door softly behind him.

"Mr. Hardacre says he will see you in a few minutes. Will you be seated?" and the little man turned and began to rustle the papers on his desk as if he were very busy indeed.

Willis Everett dropped down in a chair close to the railing, fussed with his hat and watched for Judson Hardacre's door to open. He thought it was rather a cold reception for an uncle to give his nephew, and yet his mother had warned him what to expect.

"Your uncle Judson," she had said, "is very much devoted to his business. He has never in his life been idle. He is a crusty and hard-headed man, but I am sure that my brother Judson has as kind a heart as any man living, if only you can reach it."

Willis had come to his uncle as a last resort. He had just finished his Junior year in college, and he knew that the completion of his course would depend on his own earnings during the summer. His father had been able to support him with money, although not so liberally as he really needed, for the first three years of his college life, but hard times had ruined his business, and it was all he could do to pay rent and grocers' bills, not to mention the provision of clothing for the younger children.

"I want to see you finish up with your class," he said to Willis, "but it is out of the question for me to furnish money. You will have to get out and see what you can do for yourself."

And Willis had tried his best to get a position. But he found that he was compelled to compete in this struggle for an opportunity to make a living with men older and more experienced than himself, who knew better what the employers required. One man said he would take Willis on trial, but he couldn't pay him anything for a few months; another said he had a position, but he wished to give it to a man who had intended to remain with him permanently, and so they all put him off, and now he was watching for the door of his uncle's private office to open.

He had not seen his uncle in several years. He remembered the last meeting without any exuberance of pleasure. Uncle Judson had called on his mother one afternoon, and he had been in warm and excited from a tennis game.

"What's that thing you have got in your hand?" his uncle asked, after his mother had presented him.

"Why, a tennis racket."

"Sarah, can't you teach your children to go into better business than dawdling around in white trousers with a toy bat?"

Even as Willis thought of it now, he felt his cheeks tingle with unguiled mortification and anger.

"Mr. Hardacre is ready to see you," said the happy-looking man in a doorway.

Willis stepped quietly into the private office. He saw his uncle at a handsome roll-top desk and glaring at him from under his shaggy, gray brows. He had a square, lean face, with a determined chin, and his hair was coarse and gray.

"Well, sir,"

"I am in search of work," said Willis, somewhat falteringly; "my father can't supply me with money for my last year in college, and unless I earn it I can't go."

"That's just what I told your mother before she married me. Now that he has got a family of boys he can't educate them. But she wouldn't listen to any of my advice."

The hot blood surged into Willis' face. He couldn't bear this reference to his hard-working, noble-minded father, who had sacrificed everything in order that his boys might have their schooling.

"My father has done the best he could," Willis said, hotly, "and I can't listen to anything against him. If you have nothing I can do—" and Willis turned and started toward the door with his shoulders thrown back.

"There, there," said his uncle, with the trace of a grim smile curling his lips; "we'll let that drop. You say you want work—what can you do?"

"I'm just out of college," Willis said, "and I'll have to do 'most anything I can get to do."

"I suppose you are well up in tennis and football and leaping the pole, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, sir," responded Willis, tempted again to turn and leave the room.

"Well, I don't happen to have any of those things in my business. You know I'm not engaged in anything in tire and sale of lumber. It's very prosaic—you can't wear white trousers—might get soiled."

Willis kept his temper, although every one of his uncle's words stung him to the quick.

"I understand all that," he said, "and I am willing to do anything from wood-sawing up that will enable me to save a little money."

"Wood-sawing, eh?" said Judson Hardacre, and the grim smile again curled his lips. "Let me see your hands."

Willis held out his hands—they were certainly rather small and white, although tennis playing had worn a few hard callouses on the right palm.

"I thought so," said Uncle Judson; "tennis hands, eh?"

"They may be soft now, but I assure you, Uncle Judson, I am not afraid of any kind of work which will help me finish my course."

ceived had sounded so sweet in his ears.

"By the way, Everett," said Matthews, as he paid over the last salary check, "Mr. Hardacre wished me to ask you to call and see him as soon as you get back to town."

Willis wondered why his uncle should care to have anything to do with him, but he called the next afternoon. He had grown brown of face, and his hands were calloused and muscular. When he came in Judson Hardacre said, gruffly:

"Well, how much money have you saved this summer?"

"Nearly \$75."

"Is that enough to take you through college?"

"No, sir; but I shall start with it. Father thinks he can help me toward the end of the year."

"How did you like your work?"

"Part of it I liked very well, Uncle Judson, but it was too hard for me at first."

At the words "Uncle Judson," Judson Hardacre looked up sharply. It was not at all usual for anyone to address him as a relative, and somehow the hard lines of his face softened and his shoulders shook a little, as if he were laughing at some inside.

"Well, my boy," he said, "you've showed yourself pretty plucky this summer. You've got the genuine Hardacre blood in you. Let me tell you, Willis, that I am not a coward, yet even now the thought of that moment makes me shudder. There I was, in a remote part of the ship, alone with a madman, and my strength, without a chance to escape or means to give an alarm, and being unarmed, quite at his mercy!"

I had heard of other somewhat similar cases, and, though a tyro in the profession, had had some experience among the insane. I knew, therefore, that resistance would be of the least service to me, and that apparent acquiescence would be best. All this quickly passed through my mind, and accordingly, feigning the utmost indifference I could, I said:

"Ah, yes, Mr. A., to be sure. It won't take long, will it?"

"Yes, sir," he said calmly, surveying the knife he now held in his hand. "Oh, no; the job is quite a light one."

Here he poured out a glass of wine and begged me to drink it. As I did so an idea struck me, and I said:

"By-the-by, Mr. A., your knife doesn't look very sharp; the trachea is tough, you know, and will want some cutting."

He looked back at me, as if to read my thoughts, but after a time, convinced that my suggestion was a good one, and examining the knife more closely, he said:

"Yes, doctor, I think you are right. A little grinding will do no harm, so, if you don't mind waiting, I will just run to the carpenter's shop."

This was exactly what I wanted, as, feeling sure that he would not lock the door after him, I thought my escape would be easy. What was my dismay, then, on his departure, at finding that it was locked as securely as before!

I passed up and down in despair, tore at the door, fumbled open the portiere window and shouted with all of my might, but all without avail.

Time went on, minute after minute, and he would not be long now. In the frenzy of despair I groped about for a corner to corner, in search of some weapon of defense; but no, not even the merest stick, not the smallest thing upon which to lay hands. And then I heard footsteps approaching in the distance.

I felt my pulse quicken, my brow grow hot, impulsively I lunged off my coat, got to the farthest end of the room, and, standing as defensively as possible, resolved to fight to the last.

I remember then the door bursting open, and the entry of A., not alone, as I thought, but securely flanked by a crowd of his fellow inmates, in charge of the second officer.

The relief of the moment was so great that it completely prostrated me, and my nervous system was much shaken for some time, while the intensity and reality of my situation often now makes me feel something akin to what the condemned man about to be hanged must experience.

I learned afterward that the peculiar and excited manner of the maniac, the large knife in his possession, and his anxiety to sharpen it, drew suspicion on him, which, with the fact that I had been called, and induced with the officer to secure him and come to his cabin.

As to Alaska.

Alaska is two and one-half times as large as Texas. It is eighteen times as large as New England. It is larger than the South, including Texas. It is as large as all the States east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio, including Virginia and West Virginia.

It makes San Francisco east of our center. Its coast line is 26,000 miles. It is the highest mountain in the Americas (but one—Popocatepetl—in Mexico). It has the only forest-covered glacier in the world.

The Treadwell is one of the greatest gold mines. It has the best yellow cedar in the world. It has the greatest seal fisheries. It has the greatest salmon fisheries. It has cod banks that beat Newfoundland.

It has one of the largest rivers in the world. A man standing on a bank of the Yukon 150 miles from its mouth cannot see the other bank. The Yukon is twenty miles wide 700 miles from its mouth. With its tributaries it is navigable 2,500 miles. It is larger than the Danube. It is larger than the La Plata. It discharges one-third more water than the Mississippi. The water is fresh fifteen miles from its mouth. It has probably more gold in its basin than any other river. Its color is beautifully blue to its junction with the White River, 1,100 miles above its mouth.

Avoid the Rush.

They were telling collection stories—some collection of stories, but incidents pertinent to that part of the church service known as the offertory. One girl told about the small boy who, when he first saw long-handled bags instead of plates, took them to be grabbags, and after the deacon had passed by, whispered, "Auntie, what did you get?"

"Them pie they got nice wif the rusk Git out, pesky singer ideal!"

"Thur hain't no fun in this here hunk."

And here in the stable it's colder Than Greenland or Klondike, I bet; The corn it is shiny and yellow, But pass the stew that is wet.

But this here night is a stinger Them pie they got nice wif the rusk Git out, pesky singer ideal!

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The taller is fillin' the lanterns; My fingers are colder than ice; Scott Thur hain't no pussions here dancin'!

Is it what you call paradise? They're dreamin', they're allers a-dreamin', Them poets who sit in the dusk O' the city walls pipin' 'thor' tooties An' warblin' o' o' corn that we hunk— Louisville Courier-Journal.

House Rent in Arabia.

House rent in parts of Arabia is certainly not extravagantly high. One author mentions his taking a comfortable dwelling at Bereyda, possessed of two large rooms on the ground story and three smaller ones, besides a spacious courtyard surrounded by high walls, for which he paid forty cents a month.

Pay of Actors in China.

In China a company of thirty actors can be engaged for \$30 to play for many places as may be desired for two days at a stretch.

Managers of bicycle academies say that it is quite falling off in the attendance.

## ALONE WITH A MANIAC.

Quick Wit and Self-Possession Save the Intended Victim's Life.

It was on the fifth day of our voyage, as we were amusing ourselves on deck, that a message was brought me to say that Mr. A. would like to see me in his cabin.

I had no difficulty in finding his room, and was met at the door by Mr. A. himself. He shook hands very cordially and invited me to enter and take a chair. No sooner had I done so than he twirled my strength, without a chance to escape or means to give an alarm, and being unarmed, quite at his mercy!

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## OUR TREATMENT OF SPANISH CAPTIVES.

Never before in history was there a case where a defeated and captive enemy received such generous treatment as we gave the Spaniards. Other nations are astonished. Equally astonished are the Spaniards themselves. Hosteler's Stomach Bitters. Never before in history was there a case where a captive enemy received such generous treatment as we gave the Spaniards. Other nations are astonished. Equally astonished are the Spaniards themselves. Hosteler's Stomach Bitters.

Spurious coins are legally made in China. They are used to put in the coffins of the dead, and the superstition prevails that they make the dead happy.

The first double-decked ship built in England was the great Harry, constructed in 1509, by order of Henry VIII. It was 1,000 tons burden and cost \$60,000.

The Italian criminologist, Dr. Ferrario, found that of 2,000 juvenile criminals 1,131 were illiterate. The prevailing crime was theft, being 1,132 of the whole.

A procession of icebergs sent against the surface of the sea would melt at the rate of 300,000,000 cubic miles of solid ice a second.

William Neff, of Colorado, unearthed six baby coyotes on his ranch, and trained them so that they follow him like dogs.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching, nervous feet. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Trial package, 10c. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., Box 82.

Laboring men have 312 working days a year in Hungary, 308 in the United States, 278 in England, and 267 in Russia.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

As to the length of life of fish, it is said that the ordinary carp, if not interfered with, would live about 500 years.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. B. B. 26th St., Denver, Colo.

According to Professor Galton, a few persons see mentally in print every word they hear uttered.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 236-238 Bush street. Arrive on European plan. Room and board \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to \$1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free cloak.

If you want the best wind mill, pumps, tanks, plows, wagons, bells of all sizes, boilers, engines, or general machinery, see or write JOHN POOLE, Gen. of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

The Roman bride, when being dressed, was surrounded by a crowd of her hair parted with a point of a spear.

A Japanese bride gives her wedding presents to her parents as some slight recompense for their trouble in rearing her.

In the United States 87 per cent of children under three years of age die from gastro-intestinal disorders.

In Brazil a single pineapple has never attained a greater growth than seven pounds.

The famous "dark day" that Whit- tier described in his "Abraham Davenport" was May 19, 1780.

It is estimated that 400,000 larks are sold yearly for food at the Leadenhall market, London.

The best water-makers' oil comes from the jaw of the shark. About half a pint is found in each shark.

The great clock of Rouen, France, has been measuring the time and striking the hours and quarters for over 500 years.

AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

Mrs. Rosa Gaum Writes to Mrs. Pinkham About It. She Says:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done me. I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me; it has, indeed, helped me wonderfully.

For years I was troubled with an ovarian tumor, each year growing worse, until at last I was compelled to consult with a physician.

He said nothing could be done for me but to go under an operation. In speaking with a friend of mine about it, she recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying she knew it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine, and after taking three bottles of it, the tumor disappeared. Oh, you do not know how much good your medicine has done me. I shall recommend it to all suffering women.—MRS. ROSA GAUM, 730 West 1st St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The great and unvarying success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in relieving every derangement of the female organs, demonstrates it to be the modern safeguard of woman's happiness and bodily strength. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

Every woman who needs advice about her health is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

Lies told for your town are never caught up against you.

There are more mouths that talk than heads that think.

THE CURE FOR RASHES AND ITCHES. FISHES WHILE THE FISH IS HOT. IN THE HOT. FISHES WHILE THE FISH IS HOT. IN THE HOT.

## MURDER TRIALS.

Cost of Some of the Famous New York Cases.

It cost the taxpayers about \$15,000 to convict Carlisle Harris of the murder by poison of his young wife, and for the defense of that ingenious youth his mother paid \$15,000 more in special fees and retainers. Five thousand dollars of this sum went to John A. Taylor, the junior counsel. William Travers Jerome led for the defense, but the amount of his fee has never yet been approximately estimated.

No official estimate of the cost of the trial of Robert W. Buchanan for the poisoning of the old woman whom he married has ever been made public. The case occupied seven full weeks, and at the close counsel on both sides figured the cost of the prosecution, including the heavy fees of such experts as Loomis, Doremus and others, at \$20,000. As Buchanan paid over the entire \$25,000 which he received by the death of his wife in the vain effort to save himself from the death penalty, his case could not be involved less than \$45,000 in expenses.

The two trials of Dr. Meyer, the poisoner, are said, on good authority, to have cost the county \$35,000. Just what he paid Charles W. Broke for his defense has never been known. His resources were probably exhausted by the first trial—so that by the time he was brought to a jury—for in the second hearing counsel for the defense applied to the court for the statutory allowance of \$500.

The determination of the police and the district attorney's office to convict Mrs. Mary Alice Fleming, at her arrest, the murder of her husband, involved the county in a loss of \$20,000, of which \$10,100 went to the jury and the remainder to the attorneys. Mrs. Fleming estimates that her defense cost \$22,000 of the \$30,000 in the hands of the city chamberlain.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick's trial at Liverpool in 1889 for the poisoning of her husband was the sensation of the year. Her prosecution, including the salary of Justice Stephen (\$25,000), the retainers and refreshers paid to John Addison, Q. C., the leading counsel for the prosecution, and his two assistants; the employment of such famous experts as Carter and Robertson; the expenses of witnesses and general preparations of the case reached in all about \$100,000 in working days. Sir Charles, now Lord Russell, who led for the defense, received \$5,000 and a daily retainer of \$250. Added to this were the fees for junior counsel, for the solicitors for the defense and expert testimony, Mrs. Maybrick calling very few lay witnesses. Altogether the defense reached \$15,000.—New York Journal.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unreformed.

FIDELITY to principle is the highest expediency. The bluish of guilt is nature's confession of wrong.

When humanity proves false, God will still be true.

The steps of duty lead up to the throne of promotion.

Experience is the school of wisdom. Procrastination is the sleep of folly. Education is the lighthouse of reason. Man's rage cannot alter God's purpose.

True principles are as enduring as the throne of God.

The loafer who blames his luck ought to blame his pluck.

The man who walks with God never has to hunt his own road.

Beauty may only be skin deep, but the pride of it reaches into the heart.

Faith is the Christian's lever, and God is the fulcrum upon which it rests. Those who prefer the service of sin must be satisfied with the wages of sin.

Daniel would not bow to the king in his religious principles, but made the king bow to his religion.

A rich story was told by the official at the county jail yesterday morning. It was about a sharp trick played by a revenue prisoner who had been in the jail a week and got 22 cents cash profit.

Old man Lindsay, a moonshiner, makes a few dimes by helping the sutler sell goods to the prisoners. He acts as a sort of "local agent" for the sutler. A few days ago one of the guards allowed Lindsay to quit selling things on credit.

"Many of these prisoners have no money and no way of ever getting it," said the guard.

The wily old moonshiner thanked the guard, but said he didn't believe that anybody was sharp enough to beat him. Two or three days ago, so the story goes, Lindsay sold a negro woman a box of snuff for 5 cents. She paid 2 cents spot cash and was debited for the balance.

"That woman will never pay you that 3 cents," said the guard to the moonshiner.

"I'll bet you my valise, clothes and all, against 25 cents," replied Lindsay, "that she does pay it."

The bet was made, and the money and valise put up.

Next day Lindsay gave a negro prisoner 3 cents and told him to take it to the woman, and at the same time asked him to advise her to pay that debt with it. The woman got the money and promptly paid the moonshiner.

Lindsay was declared the winner, and pocketed the 25 cents.—Atlanta Constitution.

It is a Vegetarian Cat.

At the vegetable table in London recently some remarkable exhibits were made. One was a vegetarian cat, a sleek and handsome pussy, who, having been brought up in a vegetarian family, had not only learned to love vegetable foods, but had forgotten the feline taste for mouse flesh. Mice of the plumpest and most tempting appearance could run across the floor with perfect impunity in the presence of this vegetarian tabby. She just winked sleepily at them and gave a contemptuous curl to her anti-carnivorous tail. A new race of cats is thus brought into light—the reformed feline who will not eat meat nor kill mice. But the new vegetarian breed of cats will never become popular with the ladies.—New York World.

Men, like lamps, often smoke, sometimes go out nights and frequently get turned down.

It takes at least sixteen summers to make one summer girl.

## Gained 22 Pounds in 5 Weeks.

From the By-Stander, March 10, 11.

Alderman Louis W. Camp, of our city, has quite astonished his friends of late, by a remarkable gain in weight. He has gained 22 pounds in five weeks. Those of his friends who do not know the facts of his sickness will read with interest the following:

"I was broken down in health and utterly miserable," said Mr. Camp to our reporter. "I was unable to work much of the time and so badly afflicted with a form of stomach trouble that life was a veritable nightmare."

"I tried various remedies, but during the six months of my sickness I obtained no relief. I had always been a robust, healthy man and sickness bore heavily upon me."

"About two years ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I purchased one box and received so much benefit that I used five more and was entirely cured. I gained twenty-two pounds in five weeks. Since stopping taking the pills I have scarcely had an ache or pain."

Interviewing the Alderman.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored me to health and I most heartily recommend them."

W. C. Camp on oath says that the foregoing statement is true.

W. W. MELOAN, Notary Public.

Following is the physician's certificate as to Mr. Camp's present condition.

I am a regularly licensed physician of Macomb, McDonough county, Ill. I have very recently examined Mr. L. W. Camp as to his general physical condition, and find the same to be all that could be desired, appetite and digestion good, sleep well, and has all the evidences of being in a good physical condition.

SAMUEL RUSSELL, M. D.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, 1897.

W. W. MELOAN, Notary Public.